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CARNEGIE

MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XVIII

PITTSBURGH, PA., MAY 1944

NUMBER 2



CHARLOTTE MARIE DE GASVILLE

By ANTOINE VESTIER (1740-1824)

Bequest of Mrs. Alexander Glass to the Carnegie Institute

(See Page 35)

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XVIII MAY 1944
NUMBER 2

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

—KING JOHN

—41—

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MARSHALL BIDWELL, Organist

—42—

The Carnegie Institute, in the broadest sense, holds its possessions in trust for mankind and for the constant welfare and happiness of the race. Anyone, therefore, who by a gift of beautiful works of art, or objects of scientific value, or a donation to its financial resources, aids in the growth of these collections and the extension of its service is contributing substantially to the glorious mission of the Institute.

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FOUNDER'S DAY EXHIBITION

The Founder's Day Exhibition at the Carnegie Institute this year will be known as "Painting in the United States, 1944." It will open on the evening of Founder's Day, which will occur on October 12, and will continue through December 10.

The exhibition will be organized in a manner similar to last year's show. There will be from two hundred and fifty to three hundred canvases, all invited by the Institute. Each artist will be asked to send one painting which was completed within the last five years and which has not been previously exhibited in Pittsburgh.

The Carnegie Institute will offer the following prizes: first prize, \$1,000; second prize, \$700; third prize, \$500; first honorable mention, \$400; second honorable mention, \$300; third honorable mention, \$200; fourth honorable mention, \$100. The prizes will be awarded by a Jury of three art museum directors, meeting in Pittsburgh on September 22. All the paintings in the exhibition will be eligible for any of the prizes regardless of any prize an artist may have achieved in any Carnegie Institute exhibition of paintings, with the exception of those receiving honors in "Painting in the United States, 1943." The winner of first prize in that exhibition will not be eligible for any honor, but the other prize winners will be eligible for a higher award.

A popular prize of \$200 will also be offered by the Fine Arts Committee, and this prize will be awarded by vote of the visitors during the two weeks preceding the last week of the exhibition.

SCHEDULE OF EXHIBITIONS

DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS

JUNE 7—JULY 5

"The Eight": Paintings by Robert Henri, John Sloan, William J. Glackens, Ernest Lawson, Maurice Prendergast, George B. Luks, Everett Shinn, and Arthur B. Davies.

(Galleries G and H, Second Floor)

JUNE 7—JULY 16

Exhibition of Paintings by Selected Pittsburgh Artists.

(Galleries E and F, Second Floor)

JUNE 20—JULY 18

Modern Drawings Circuited by The Museum of Modern Art.

(Balcony of Hall of Sculpture)

CARNEGIE MUSEUM

THROUGH JUNE

Pacific Area Exhibition, including four schematic and pictorial maps, examples of native arts and crafts, various primitive weapons, utensils, art traditions, products, and so on.

FEAR

Early and provident fear is the mother of safety.
—EDMUND BURKE

"CHARLOTTE MARIE DE GASVILLE"

Painting by Antoine Vestier Is Bequest of Mrs. Alexander Glass

By JOHN O'CONNOR, JR.

Acting Director, Department of Fine Arts

THE bequest by Mrs. Alexander Glass, of Wheeling, West Virginia, of "Charlotte Marie de Gasville" by Antoine Vestier (1740-1824) brings to the permanent collection of the Carnegie Institute an example of a school of French painting not hitherto represented. Painted four years before the outbreak of the French Revolution, it is typical of the style of portraiture fashionable in the reign of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, in the mode of Élisabeth Vigée-Lebrun and her predecessors, Hubert Drouais and Jean Marc Nattier. Vestier was, in fact, a painter to the king.

The painting is oil on canvas, oval in shape, twenty-eight inches in height by twenty-two and five-eighths inches in width. At the lower right it is signed "A. Vestier" and dated 1785. Before its acquisition by Mrs. Glass it formed part of the Edward R. Bacon Collection.

The charming young woman in the portrait was born at Paris on December 17, 1767—Charlotte Marie de Malartie, daughter of the Count de Malartie, first presiding judge at Perpignan, in the Pyrenees district. On April 24, 1785, she married the Marquis de Gasville, so we may surmise that this portrait was painted at the time of the marriage. The subject, just beginning to smile, is shown at half length, against a gray-green background, turned slightly to the right, and seated on a chair upholstered in red damask. She is dressed in a gown of pale blue silk, with a white collar and fichu and a cluster of field flowers and grain at the corsage. Her hair is elaborately dressed, and powdered. A curl falls over each shoulder, and the whole arrangement is crowned with a white satin

ribbon and feathers. Vestier's rendering of the fabrics in the picture is characteristic of his skill. It is a formal portrait, done in an age when dress and accessories as symbols of rank and power tend to dominate the picture.

The artist, Antoine Vestier, was born at Avallon (Yonne) on April 28, 1740. He travelled in England and Holland for several years before settling in Paris in 1764. There he followed the course of studies at the Academy. He married the daughter of the master enameller Révérend, and under his influence executed a few enamels but continued to practice portrait painting. Upon his father-in-law's death he left his shop and turned entirely to painting, both portrait and miniature, in which he was equally skilled. He made his debut at the Salon de la Correspondance in 1782 with "Young Girl Fastening Her Fichu" and a portrait, "M. de Outremont." He was accepted by the Academy in 1785 upon presentation by Duplessis. In 1787 he was elected to membership and presented as reception pieces portraits of Doyen and of Brenet, now in the Louvre. He continued to show in Parisian exhibitions until 1806, but about 1789 he began to devote himself to miniatures in particular. As a matter of prudence and to display his republicanism, Vestier allied himself with David at the time of the Revolution. The painter died in Paris on December 24, 1824. Without being a great master, he had justness of observation, taste in coloring, and sureness of execution.

In France Vestier's paintings are included in the Louvre collection, and in the museums of Amiens, Dijon, Pontoise, Sens, and Tours. In this country a number are privately owned.

THE SEARCH FOR MATURITY

Commencement Address of the Carnegie Institute of Technology

BY EDWARD O. TABOR

[Dr. Robert E. Doherty, President of Carnegie Tech, in introducing the speaker, made the following remarks: "The world would be a better place to live in if there were more people in it like our speaker this afternoon. With high purpose, with the ardor of a crusader, and with the energy of a human dynamo, he presses forward for the causes that are near his heart. A native of the Midwest, he has had appropriate background for his purposeful and vigorous life. With the A.B. degree from Tulane, which he won while earning his way by work on the levee at New Orleans, he took his Master's degree at the University of Wisconsin and then attended the Harvard Law School. As a lumberjack in the Oregon forests and as a miner in the lead and silver mines of Idaho, he developed and demonstrated an enviable physical endurance. Thus prepared intellectually and physically, he has achieved much more than a distinguished service in his profession; he has pursued indefatigably the causes he has cherished—for example, civic welfare, clean politics, to have new Americans know and love America, and amicable international relations. For his service to the Czechoslovak Republic he received the Revolutionary Medal from President Masaryk, and the Order of the White Lion from President Benes."]

IT is now your high privilege, as graduates, to become a part of a very choice minority of educated men and women. As such, each of you will play a double role, that of a trained thinker and that of a responsible citizen. In both capacities you will presumably aim at living a full, happy, and useful life, and in both capacities you will be called upon to exercise every advantage gained in these sheltering halls. If Carnegie Tech has done its job reasonably well, it has given each of you an equipment of mind and feeling to prepare you for the work ahead. You have all made plans, and you no doubt had visions; from this day forward your chief joy and your highest satisfaction will come from trying to realize those plans, using your visions as the dynamic force in the living of a wholesome, creative life. You are in fact setting out on a great adventure, and in your adventure all of us wish you joy—the supreme joy of following your visions toward victory.

In the hope that age and experience may be of some assistance to youth, I ask you to consider with me, briefly, some of the elements or distinguishing characteristics of mature personality. I offer no guarantee that magic results will come from our examination, but perhaps some light may fall on your pathway toward your cherished goal.

Among the questions which present themselves at the outset are these: "What is maturity? How can we recognize it in the individual or in our national life? What is its value, and what are its obligations in a free country like ours?" I propose to deal with each of these very briefly.

Two graphic, but contrasting, illustrations may help to highlight our problem. Last week, by virtue of English law, Princess Elizabeth became of full age, for she had reached her eighteenth birthday. Legally and therefore presumptively in fact, she had reached the maturity required to fit her to reign over the British Empire. She is young, inexperienced, untried, and yet entirely by virtue of a formula of words she is considered adult, full-grown, mature. On the other hand, we learn from Emerson that Michelangelo, one of the most extraordinary of men in many fields, even after having attained supreme eminence as a master in four fine arts—painting, sculpture, architecture, and poetry—continued to visit the Coliseum. Once when found walking among its classic ruins, after he had passed his eightieth birthday, he was asked what he was doing, and he replied with humility, "I go yet to school that I may continue to learn."

Surely maturity cannot be achieved

by legislation or by the mere passage of time, or by the awarding of a diploma. Except in rare cases, maturity is the result of slow, long, and often painful growth. The sages have known this through the centuries. Solomon asked that he be given an understanding heart, and he was wise. Tennyson sang in bitter sorrow, "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers." Socrates has

challenged countless generations with his classic admonition, "Know thyself"; and Paul, who knew the rights and obligations of Roman citizenship, gave us a glimpse of maturity in the cryptic words:

"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things." The magic transformation from childhood to manhood, from irresponsible caprice

and dependence to responsible discipline, self-reliance, and authentic action is one of the great imponderables of life.

The formula for achieving maturity may never be known, but at least six attributes seem to characterize the mature person: Objective thinking, an understanding of others, getting along, reasonable emotional stability, the willingness to face facts, and purposeful action. Let us think about them in that order.

First, the ability to think exactly and objectively and to evaluate situations soundly is surely one of the requisites of maturity. Dr. Hu Shih, recently China's very scholarly American ambassador, states it thus:

"I have learned that the most sacred responsibility of a man's life is to endeavor to think well. To think sluggishly, to think without strict regard to the antecedents and consequences of thought, to accept ready-made and unanalyzed concepts as premises of thinking, to allow the personal factors consciously to influence one's thinking, or to fail to test one's ideas

by working out their result—is to be intellectually irresponsible."

In these seventy words, I believe, is summed up the basic aim of college training—mental discipline, thoroughness, selflessness, and absolute loyalty to the demands of truth. Perhaps it will not be amiss to re-examine the challenging thoughts packed into his brief observation. Can I think well? Do I? Do I make allowance for all the facts and cir-

cumstances that led up to the problems I am responsible for? Have I checked appearances and tested them against reality? Am I being misled by a half-truth? Am I assuming any premise because it is pleasing to me or because proof is difficult to get? It was said of the great Langdell at Harvard, for example, that he never allowed himself the luxury of assuming any point, no matter how axiomatic it seemed. "Prove all things" is still sound gospel. Again: Is my decision colored by my stake in the outcome or by some prejudice, fixed belief, or hope? Is it possible that I may be mistaken in my method or results? Am I compromising truth for popular approval? And, finally, have



EDWARD O. TABOR

I thought things through to their ultimate conclusions so that I am satisfied to be morally responsible for them, or have I, for some reason, stopped short? Some such ruthless self-analysis is needed in the realm of thought, if intellectual integrity, a minimum characteristic of maturity, is to be achieved.

Well might the words of Dr. Hu Shih be written on every diploma, for they point out not only the tests of the thinker, but his moral obligation as well. In a country of free men such as ours, trained minds should be used only for great purposes in the grand manner. In like manner, a country like ours, dedicated to great purposes, must rise in majesty to its high calling by maintaining an unswerving loyalty to truth.

The president of Princeton, Dr. Dodds, makes the same point about thinking, in a somewhat different way. Classroom training, he says, seeks to equip the student with special techniques for solving problems and arriving at reasoned conclusions. These techniques constitute the scientific method. Employed properly, they strengthen the student's powers of analysis and synthesis. They enable him to weigh evidence, to distinguish between reality and appearances, between thoughts and feelings, and they authorize him to report reasoned conclusions worthy of respect.

If, therefore, the individual's intellect has been so trained and disciplined that it can be fairly said that he thinks carefully and honestly, he has surely made a necessary first step toward maturity and adulthood. He will have laid aside childish thoughts; he will have begun to think like a sensible, responsible man.

Thinking and knowing, however, are not enough. Man does not live by the head alone. The truly mature man extends his sympathy and understanding to others and thereby strengthens and ripens his own personality. How often have we seen persons with exceptionally good minds, unintention-

ally callous or even cruel in their dealings with their fellowmen, because of some fatal shortcoming in the art of tolerance, understanding, and accommodation. "The Fool's Prayer," by Sill, describes the type:

'Tis not by guilt, the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heartstrings of a friend.

The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

An understanding heart is a prerequisite of adult manhood.

A third characteristic of the adult might be called social adjustment. At a recent meeting of educators and business executives of this city, it was repeatedly stated that a man's effectiveness depends as much on his ability to get along with people as on his knowledge and skill. The ability to understand ourselves and others and to co-operate with them and be companionable—the seemingly spontaneous ability to be enthusiastic and to inspire confidence, these too are needed in responsible places. The superior air sometimes born of intellectual achievement, the arrogant spirit resulting from power or position, the scornful attitude toward the less equipped, quite as much as mental shortcomings, may result in friction, frustration, and failure. But a sympathetic recognition of the differences between individuals, and a wise adjustment to human frailties will often transform cold analysis into generous living and long-run happiness—the ultimate aim of the true adult.

Before a child learns to adjust himself to the world outside of himself, he necessarily lives in his own little world of instincts, caprices, and daydreams. Untrained and undisciplined, he is universally absolved from adult responsibility. His promises are not enforced.

His excuses, however lame, are accepted. His explanations are valid even though fantastic. Wishes and fears are basic realities. Momentary satisfactions are valid reasons. He is not accountable. He is dependent, self-centered, incoherent, and emotionally unstable. But when Paul said that he put away childish things upon becoming a man, he must have meant that when he became a man he assumed his share of responsibility in the world of men; he recognized the rights of others and the imperative need of consistent effort toward desirable, long-range objectives. He could no longer disclaim the consequences of an act on the ground that he was moved by whim or desire to seek a momentary satisfaction at the expense of his fellows. In short, he grew up to the realization that emotions must be subjected to reasonable discipline if life was to have meaning and purpose. We may call it self-interest or enlightened selfishness, but when people or nations learn to check their impulses and guide their desires because of knowing that they inevitably pay too large a price for an emotional

indulgence, they have stepped into maturity. They will recognize emotions, of course, but they will refuse to be slaves to them. Rather will they use them by harmonizing intellectual decision with authentic long-run desires—for only when the emotions approve of the brain can we expect consistent action. Men work unceasingly only for those objectives which they think are right and feel to be desirable. And mature nations do much the same.

And finally, the all-inclusive proof of maturity is a genuine willingness and ability to face facts, to make a virtue of necessity, to act resolutely in accordance with facts, and never to take refuge in unreality. All supremely great writers are guided by this theme, but none establishes it so conclusively as Shakespeare. The transcendent greatness of Shakespeare is his everlasting insistence on obeying reality. In all his plays, rebels against fact are overcome by inexorable doom—be they idealists like Hamlet or villains like Macbeth. And, of course, among the facts of life is the inescapable moral law. Facts must be obeyed; the supreme crime, in



THE COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING AT CARNEGIE TECH

Shakespeare's eyes, says Dowden, is want of fidelity to facts. Disregard facts and inevitable tragedy results. Face facts honestly and naturally, with thought, energy, imagination, and resolution, as Henry IV did, and life becomes fulfillment.

The men of the Royal Air Force were not unconscious of Britain's danger in the fall of 1940. They knew the German Luftwaffe was the strongest air power in the world. They knew all the possible terrible consequences of that fact, and they no doubt experienced fear in the knowledge. But because they evaluated the danger faithfully and, knowing it, went up and conquered it, Churchill thrilled the whole decent world with his immortal tribute: "Never in the field of human conflict have so many owed so much to so few." Those men of the Air Force were realists in the best sense, and they measured up to the full responsibility of free men. During that same fateful year, in a sudden burst of maturity, England stood resolutely alone against what seemed to be unconquerable tyranny. She faced her fate, and out of her decision, courage and power and unity arose for her deliverance in the very midst of disaster. Neither wailing walls nor crafty devices nor ingenuity could have transformed England's darkest into her most shining hour. That saving transformation came from courage in the face of known danger. The magic of dignified self-reliance, based on a true assessment of the facts, suddenly remade a people and increased the stature of every true Britisher. Whatever adolescence there was at Munich disappeared at Dunkirk and in the Battle of Britain.

The Russians, urged on by the elemental love of soil and home, faced the stern realities of German might, and at Stalingrad with unbending resolution broke the Nazi power and saved Russia and perhaps humanity itself. Ever since that day the world has recognized that Russia has come of age.

It was always thus. The Greeks were mature at Marathon and Thermopylae.

Washington's soldiers were fully grown at Valley Forge; otherwise, their bloody footprints would never have led to victorious Yorktown. John Hus was full grown at Constance, and Martin Luther at the Council of Worms. Lee's difficult decision to stand by his native state and Lincoln's more difficult decision to uphold the Union were both decisions of grown-up men. Both knew the consequences; both believed in the rightness of their cause and both acted with the moral approval of a sensitive conscience. And today, we all feel that Frank Knox played the part of a man when he put his country above his party. In all crises, loyalty to a cause submerges self and lifts men and nations into maturity of the worthiest kind.

It took the frightful shock of Pearl Harbor to awaken Americans out of their indifferent adolescence to realize the fact that worldwide tyranny, brutality, and anarchy were on the march and that free Americans were scheduled as victims. The false and long indulged dream of American security, supposedly resulting from ocean protection, vanished in a second, and dreamers and cynics alike saw the plain blunt fact of planned aggression in all its frightfulness. The daydream of isolation, cherished by many through long indoctrination by false but plausible arguments, vanished overnight, and today both of our political parties are seemingly agreed that isolationism must never again be allowed to lure us into danger or to stand between us and the peace of the world. Lovers of luxury and cravers of comfort, who by the easy route of following the shoddy desires felt that Europe's affairs were her own concern and none of ours, have, I believe, awakened to the fact that this *is* one world, that America is a responsible unit in it, and that every American has a distinct responsibility to it, in order to best advance the security and welfare of America itself.

The result of recognizing these facts is that we, too, have in a large measure risen to the opportunity and obligation

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which are ours. Miracles have been performed in all fields of production; enlightened co-operation with our Allies, three years ago inconceivable, has helped to turn the tide of battle in Europe and in the Pacific, and everywhere American soldiers, sailors, and flyers have demonstrated courage and heroism in the best tradition of the best America. It took brutal facts to awaken us, but we *are* awake to the demands of necessity, and it is now our duty to turn this necessity to our own highest purposes and establish securely our own freedom in a free and interdependent world. Through mature action, and only through mature action, can we realize the American dream. In Lincoln's words: "We can nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope of earth."

I like to think of America as perhaps the finest flower of man's five thousand years of recorded history. Its essence is freedom and human dignity based upon the moralities of the Old and New Testaments—righteousness, truth, and kindness—guaranteed by the supremacy of law. Ours, and not Hitler's, is the "New Order," for the program of the Hitlers and the Mussolinis, with all its brutalities and failures, was already thousands of years old when Micah spoke and Jesus walked the shores of Galilee. The world looks to us. The wave of the future is in our making. We must be mature. May we take the invasion news like men—neither smug nor panicky—but calmly and with determination to follow through to victory. We *must* save the last best hope of earth.

In much that we have discussed, a goal has been set which some may call ideal. I know that its attainment is difficult and that so-called practical men may smile or even sneer when it is proposed. But mature men and women will welcome that smile, and they will not be discouraged by the sneer of the cynic. A high goal is needed if we are to progress. Vision precedes performance.

An American Indian story illustrates my thought. Each year an Indian chief was wont to test the strength of his youths by sending them up a mountain side, to see how far they could climb in one straight stretch of strength. On the appointed day, the youths started out at dawn. Late in the afternoon, one youth returned with a sprig of spruce in his hand, showing the height he had attained. Later, a second youth returned with a spray of pine. A third youth returned holding a piece of alpine bough. The fourth returned by moonlight—bloody-footed, weary, haggard, and sore. "And what do you have?" said the Chief. "Sire," he replied with glory in his eye, "where I was, there was neither spruce nor pine nor alpine oak, nor flowers to cheer my path, but only rocks and snow and barren ground—but I saw the sea!"

American leaders, including you graduates, must see the sea! They must envision an America which is free and strong and secure. They must climb the mountain of thought and aspiration—sometimes against the blasts of misunderstanding, smugness, derision, and hate; they must climb up the mountain, past the line of petty self-interest and senseless fear, into the region of fair thinking, tolerance, and wise action, and there in an atmosphere which is calm and clear they must reapply the self-reliant American principles to the new needs of our time. They must help to build a strong America in a world which is governed by law, and under the dynamic of human freedom and economic justice make democracy efficient, fair, and triumphant.

A PHILOSOPHY OF PEACE

What surprises me most in western thought is the almost complete absence of a philosophy of peace, by which I mean of peace, not merely as a hope in some utopian future, but peace as a normal condition of living in the present, as applied to the home, the nation, and the world. For instance, the technique of peaceful living, of domestic peace, national peace, and world peace, is hardly ever developed. Western social thought is either economics or political science.

—LIN YUTANG

FRUITFUL YEARS

*W. E. Clyde Todd Celebrates His Forty-fifth Anniversary
at the Carnegie Museum*

ON April 11, 1899, W. E. Clyde Todd left his position with the Biological Survey, United States Department of Agriculture, in Washington, D. C., to come to Pittsburgh to assume the position of assistant in the newly organized Carnegie Museum. Since that time he has brought honor and distinction to the organization in which he has, for many years, held the position of curator of ornithology; he has also brought knowledge and guidance to other institutions and ornithologists through his wide study, investigation, and publications concerning bird facts.

Born at Smithfield, Ohio, in 1874, W. E. Clyde Todd is the son of an educator who, at the time of his death, was associated with Beaver College. In memory of his father and mother, Mr. Todd has presented to the Audubon Society their property and old home site in Butler County, as a bird refuge to be known as the Todd Wild-life Sanctuary.

When Mr. Todd was only seventeen he published a find in ornithology, which was to mark the beginning of a career with the birds that have not only earned him his livelihood, but which have also been his constant delight.

At the time he joined the staff of the Museum, which was then under the directorship of Dr. William J. Holland, the section of birds amounted to prac-

tically nothing. Today extensive numbers of specimens are on view to the public, and the laboratory of the Section of Ornithology has over 100,000 skins in its cases for study purposes. This group stands sixth in size among the bird collections of the United States, and, like other large collections, it contains a great deal of material that cannot be found elsewhere. For instance, it is particularly strong in the avifaunas of the Labrador peninsula and of the American tropics, many of which were new forms described by Mr. Todd. Those from tropical America have come to him from many collectors, but those from Labrador he has himself collected on many expeditions. During these research trips he has worked the shores of the entire peninsula, and he has traversed the hinterland from the Gulf of the St. Lawrence to Ungava Bay. He has followed the Hamilton

River from its mouth for two hundred and fifty miles, to the Grand Falls; and, to anticipate spring migration, he has traveled by dog sled to the bleak shores of Hudson Bay. Obviously he has more material in his collections about the bird life of Labrador than exists anywhere else.

It is, however, with the birds of western Pennsylvania that Mr. Todd has achieved his greatest renown. His first significant



W. E. CLYDE TODD

DEMobilIZATION AND
THE LIBRARY

On the forty-fifth anniversary of your distinguished service on the staff of the Carnegie Museum we, your colleagues and friends, congratulate you most cordially and wish you to know how much we admire your signal contributions to your chosen field of ornithology, your steadfast loyalty, devotion to duty, uncompromising principles, and sterling standards. We honor you as the heart of our scientific force and our esteemed friend. Your fellowship has been for us a source of genuine enlightenment and inspiration, and with a deep sense of gratitude for the benefits derived from this long and close companionship, we extend to you our warmest greetings and most fervent wishes for many years of happiness, health, and original work.

CARNEGIE MUSEUM
Director and Staff

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. TODD

Illuminated by Dr. Avinoff

observations on the occurrences here go back to his earliest years. He has covered the region by every form of locomotion, particularly on foot, gathering material for the epoch-making book that was published in 1940. The ornithologist and student of bird-life distribution has found his "Birds of Western Pennsylvania" of utmost use, coming as it does from such an authority on the subject; and the amateur bird observer, the teacher, the scout, and those to whom the pursuit of bird study is a hobby have all derived pleasure from it, and will continue to do so.

In appreciation of all these things the entire staff of the Carnegie Museum met together on April 11, 1944, and presented Mr. Todd with an illuminated manuscript testimonial by Dr. Avinoff, which is reproduced here. In an effective binding the Director of the Carnegie Museum has reproduced in water color four species of the many new and heretofore unrecorded birds made known to science through the investigations of Mr. Todd.

D. N.

FOR the second time in twenty-five years the American public library faces the opportunity to render a national service through its participation in the processes of demobilization and readjustment. Twenty-five years ago it sought to make its contribution to that process mainly in increased book supply and in the expansion of its organized facilities to meet the educational and vocational needs of the returning servicemen. Out of these needs and the efforts to fulfil them grew the adult education movement. To the library in particular, accrued its readers' advisory program and a general expansion and recognition of its educational mission.

Today the public library is convinced that to meet its responsibilities it must enter into more active and dynamic participation in the large and complex task that confronts the nation. It must become the information center of its community not only for the diffusion of knowledge in its cultural and educational connotations, but for the provision of guidance, direction, and counsel to the dislocated men and women in their endeavor to accomplish their own reorientation—industrial, economic, and cultural.

In line with this manifesto issued by the American Library Association, a regional "Institute on the Library's Part in Demobilization and Industrial and Educational Adjustment," under the auspices of the Pittsburgh Library Club and the Pittsburgh Chapter of Special Libraries Association, was held recently in Pittsburgh. At this time plans for demobilization and readjustment were presented by speakers representing industrial and educational agencies. In outlining their postwar plans, these speakers pointed out ways in which libraries may co-operate.

EASY

It is much easier to be critical than to be correct.
—DISRAELI

THE GILLESPIE BEQUEST

IT must be a source of deep satisfaction to donors, who in the generosity of their hearts make presentations to the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, to realize that their inspiring gifts will bring pleasure through the years to untold numbers of people who will always bear them in grateful memory. Just so the constant and increasing use of the David Lindsay Gillespie Reading Room must have brought infinite pleasure to Mrs. David Lindsay Gillespie and Miss Mabel Lindsay Gillespie, who presented it to the Library. And now, through the kindness and generosity of Mrs. Gillespie, in a bequest in memory of her husband, the opportunity to read in a leisurely way in attractive surroundings in the middle of the busy Lending Department of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh may go on and on.

The David Lindsay Gillespie Reading Room has already given great pleasure to Pittsburghers in the six years of its

existence. When the donors presented the homelike and comfortable room to the Carnegie Library in November, 1938, it was their purpose to promote the reading of good books "just for the fun of it." Presenting to the reading public of Pittsburgh a selection from the best books of all times, the book collection includes many of the recognized literary classics and a number that are simply good books, as well as some titles for those whose mood calls for something light and amusing. Its appeal is for leisurely reading, in a setting that has been enhanced not only by bright book bindings, but also by various objects of art loaned to the Library for this purpose by the Department of Fine Arts and the Museum. So far as is known, no other public library has ever been able to offer to its public the facilities that the people of Pittsburgh now have in the David Lindsay Gillespie Reading Room.



THE DAVID LINDSAY GILLESPIE READING ROOM

THE WORM MAY TURN BUT SHE NEVER DIES

By E. R. ELLER

Assistant Curator of Invertebrate Paleontology, Carnegie Museum



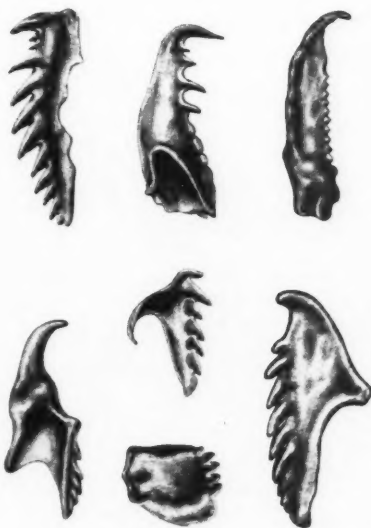
THE worm is the symbol of eternal gnawing pain, as in Isaiah 66:24, "for the worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched." With this passage from the Bible I can fully concur.

About fifteen years ago, while on a fossil collecting trip, I had the good fortune or misfortune, I don't know which, to find a block of Devonian limestone covered with fossil jaws or teeth of marine worms. They were beautifully preserved, so I searched through the literature and found that none had been described since 1880. I went to work at once to describe and publish on them. Soon more jaws were found in other geological horizons and localities. And ever since, there has been that eternal gnawing, but I have never been able to quench that fire of desire to acquire more and more specimens to describe.

The oldest rocks in which I have collected jaws come from the Ordovician system. Specimens seem to be very plentiful in this geological period of 400,000,000 years ago. From the Trenton group alone of that formation more than a hundred new species were found. Jaw remains seem to be common throughout the Paleozoic era and they will probably prove to be plentiful in younger rocks when an investigation is made. Present-day seas teem with marine worms. It is my conviction that they have been one of the most common inhabitants of the seas from the earliest times to the present.

To gain a real idea of any fossil group it is best to examine first the living relatives or descendants. The marine worm belongs to the phylum Annelida, more specifically to the class Chaetopoda and the order Polychaeta. Under this group is the marine worm *Nereis* that most students have studied in a general course of biology, together with the near relative, the earthworm. Most marine worms are beautifully colored. This is due mostly to pigments in the skin but may be the result of haemoglobin, chlorocruoren, the contents of the intestines, or the coelomic fluid. At night some species of marine worms have the power of emitting a light from the body that is said to be phosphorescent.

The majority of the Polychaetes, or marine worms, live near the shore, that



SCOLECODONTS—FOSSIL MARINE WORM JAWS

is, between low and high tide, and in shallow water up to about twenty fathoms. They do occur, however, at all depths, and specimens have been dredged from depths of more than 3,000 fathoms. Most forms are sedentary in habit and burrow into the sand and mud or build definite tubes of mud. Others secrete a parchmentlike tube which they may live in continuously, leave for free swimming, or carry about as a house.

The Polychaetes are used both as bait and as a food by man. Anyone who has done any sea fishing along the coast or off the piers has used various types of marine worms as bait. In the East Indies the natives find them to be very good to eat. On certain days in October

and November the worms leave their burrows, probably to mate and spawn. This occurs on two days in each of the above-mentioned months when the moon is in her last quarter. At dawn they start to appear and by the time the sun is up thousands may be counted in a very small space. On the second day they appear in the same way but in such countless numbers that the sea appears to be covered with them. The worms may be eaten alive or tied up in leaves and baked. The natives consider them a great delicacy and honor visitors or chiefs who live inland with a dinner of worms. No doubt our armed forces now stationed in the East Indies have had the opportunity and good fortune to feast on these delicious worms.

The sex life of the modern Polychaeta is rather complex. It is the old story of the female of the species being more deadly than the male. In some groups, if there are not enough males to go around, the stronger females attack the weaker ones and they become males. Adverse environmental conditions will cause the strongest specimens to become females, and the weaker ones will remain or develop into males. Usually the males come out of battle pretty well battered up.

In most instances the only fossil record of marine worms are teeth or jaws. These have been given the common name, or term,

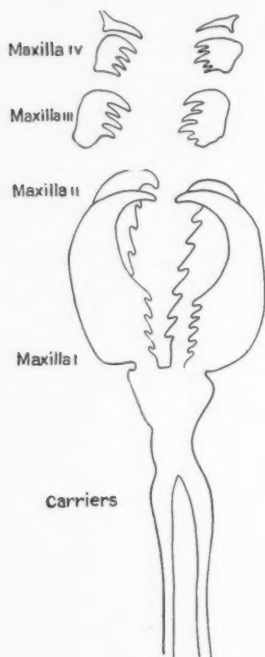


FIGURE I

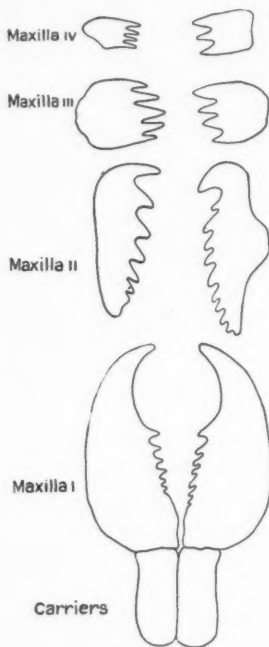
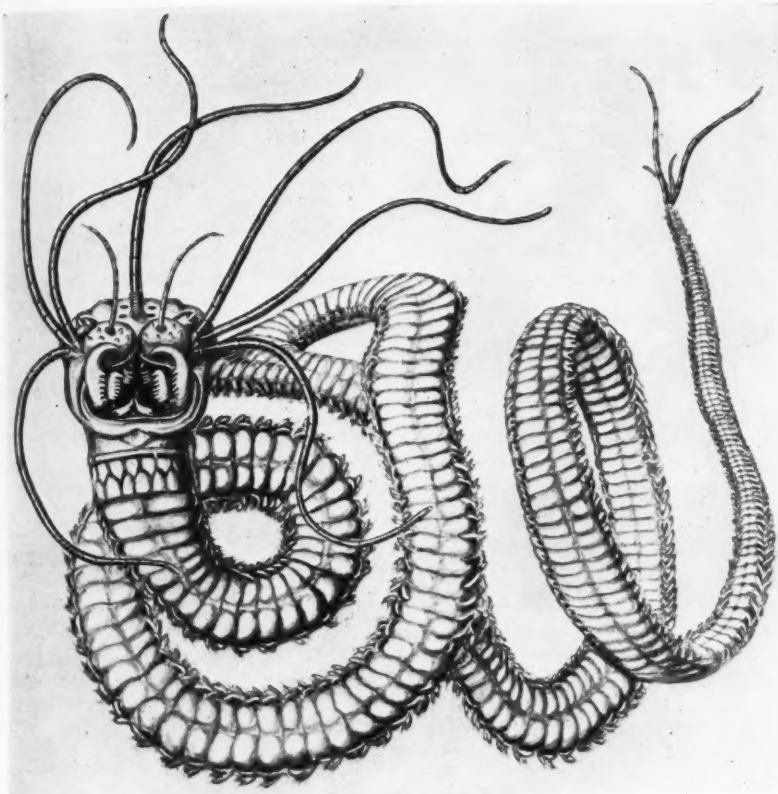
Arbellites setosa Treadwell

FIGURE II

Arbellites alfredensis Eller

Figure I shows the jaw apparatus of a modern marine worm, while Figure II illustrates a Devonian species. It is interesting to note the very slight change in the shape of these jaws in 300,000,000 years.



MODERN MARINE WORM (SCHEMATIC)

scolecodont, which means simply, worm-teeth. The jaws are glossy, jet black, or chitinouslike in appearance. Usually a jaw consists of a plate along which is arranged a series of denticles and a fang. They are all microscopic in size, ranging from .11 mm. to 4 or 5 mm. in length, averaging about 1 mm. In most cases the jaws are taken from the rock or matrix for study by the use of a weak solution of hydrochloric or hydrofluoric acid. Most fossils are destroyed by acids, but fossil worm jaws do not seem to be so affected. The rock containing the jaws is placed in a solution of acid and after a short period of time all that is left is an insoluble residue including the worm jaws. The

sediment is then placed under a microscope and the jaws are picked out with a fine camel's-hair brush. If the jaws are plentiful they may be separated from the residue by the use of heavy fluids, one having a specific gravity greater than the jaw—for instance, bromoform. By adding methyl alcohol to the correct proportion, the jaws can be made to float and the heavier sediments sink to the bottom. The jaws are then mounted on a concave microscope slide and a drawing made of each one for study. The forms that are determined to be new species are described and named for eventual publication. The writer has found so many new types that it has been difficult to find de-

scriptive Latin names for them. It is customary, although not good practice, to name new species after individuals. It has given me a great deal of pleasure to call these worms after my various friends and colleagues. And now it is difficult for me to "tell my friends from the worms."

Fossil worm jaws are not just another "collector's item." It is hoped that they will have a definite economic value, as well as a scientific and cultural worth. One of the objects of geology is to make our natural resources more readily available. Any group of fossils that contributes to the identification of a geological formation, its age and position in the geological column, is a contribution to science. Since fossil worm jaws are microscopic, it is possible to find them in oil and gas well cores that are brought to the surface by the driller. The principal object of this work is to establish these microfossils as horizon markers in oil and gas wells and for the identification of surface outcrops. In the younger rocks of the oil fields of the West and South, a microfossil called a foraminifera is found. These fossils are but rarely met with in the older rocks of the East. The age, correlation, depth, and thickness of the rocks of these Western oil wells is based on the presence of certain foraminifera. Thus, an oil company is often able to determine their position on a structure after drilling only a short distance. If they find they are off the oil-bearing structure, many hundreds of thousands of dollars may be saved by stopping the drilling. It is hoped that fossil worm jaws may be used in the East in a similar way when they are better known. The writer has been able to determine from great depths the age and position of rocks in Eastern oil wells from the jaws found in the well cores.

Many people squirm when they see a worm. Personally, I find the fossil remains of worms much more attractive than live ones. One should, however,

probably be a little more tolerant of the worm, since it is possible that we are descended from them. The annelid ancestry of the vertebrates—those with backbones to which, of course, most men belong—has been advanced, and there seem to be just as good reasons for that assumption as any other hypothesis. Perhaps we are not so far from the truth when we hear the expression, "You, worm, you," and read Job 25:6, "How much less man that is a worm and the son of man which is a worm."

GIVE BOOKS FOR SAILORS

THE sailors want books to read. They want mystery stories, adventure tales, popular novels that have been written during the past five years, and biography and travel and other light nonfiction titles that will interest them during the long trips when they are out of touch with their own home towns. If you have such books as these, perhaps you would like to contribute them to the new book drive which, under the auspices of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, began several weeks ago and will be continued indefinitely. The books will be put on the various landing craft now in the process of being built in the Pittsburgh district, to form the nucleus of that boat's library.

Due to the gasoline shortage, books cannot be called for by the Library, but they may be left at the Main Library in Schenley Park or at any Branch Library, including the new Downtown Branch at 442 Oliver Way.

TRUE TODAY

These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country; but he that stands it not, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; but we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly: it is dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed, if so celestial an article as Freedom should not be highly rated.

—THOMAS PAINE



THE GARDEN OF GOLD



AMONG the gifts received for the Carnegie Institute of Technology 1946 Endowment Fund during the month of April was one of \$500 from a man who for the moment prefers to remain anonymous, and who, in addition to being connected with the army training program in a high position, has also been identified for many years with engineering education. He visited Carnegie Tech a month or so ago, and during the course of this official visit was much impressed with the work done there. In his letter to Dr. Doherty accompanying his check he stated: "I am sorry that the sum could not be commensurate with my admiration for your leadership in education." Coming from a man so much interested in the field of engineering education, this is a very sincere and tangible tribute to the program so ably carried on at Tech.

A gift coming more or less out of the blue is always welcome, and in the course of last month a donation made by Mr. Erskine Ramsay, of Birmingham, Alabama, could be classed as such. Mr. Ramsay, who was born in Westmoreland County, had his first position with the H. C. Frick Coke Company, but leaving there in early manhood, he went with the Tennessee Coal, Iron, and R. R. Company. He settled in Alabama, where he has been active in mining and engineering ever since, being at the present time Chairman of the Board of the Alabama By-Products Corporation. In 1937, in recognition of his engineering achievements, he was awarded the William Lawrence Saunders gold medal by the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgy "for bituminous coal mining inventions; for improvement in coke making that resulted in the establishment of the steel industry in Alabama; for administering large enterprises and for benefactions to educational institutions."

His gift of \$2,500 makes a most welcome addition to the 1946 Endowment Fund of Carnegie Tech, bringing, as it does, an additional \$2,500 from the Buhl Foundation, which will later be matched two for one by the Carnegie Corporation of New York, making a total value for Mr. Ramsay's gift of \$15,000.

We also have two gifts to be acknowledged this month that have come from donors who have shown a constant thoughtfulness of the needs of the 1946 Endowment Fund. One gift is for \$25 from Clara Pomeroy White, of New York City, who has sent in this amount as a further contribution to the William S. Andrews Memorial Scholarship Fund, which she set up in 1941 with a gift of \$500. This is the second contribution of \$25 that Miss White has made to Tech this year.

The other gift is from Harold C. Godden, long associated in an active way with Tech alumni organizations, both in Pittsburgh and as national president of the Alumni Federation. Mr. Godden's gift of \$100 has been given for the Marks Memorial Scholarship Fund, and was of sufficient amount to bring the total in this fund, which was established in 1942 by the alumni, over the \$1,000 mark and thus make it a permanent named fund. Unless these special scholarship and endowment funds have individually reached or exceeded \$1,000 by June 30, 1946, they will be included thereafter in the general endowment fund of the Carnegie Institute of Technology. They will all, however, be eligible for the \$4,000,000-\$8,000,000, or two-for-one, arrangement with the Carnegie Corporation of New York.

There was also a total of \$96 contributed during the month of April to various established funds. Included in this is an anonymous gift of \$2 for the

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

Chemistry Research Fund, as well as individual gifts for the Clifford B. Connelley Memorial Scholarship Fund, the Hower Memorial Fund, the Printers' Scholarship Fund, and the General Endowment Fund. The alumni who have contributed these gifts through the Alumni Federation are: Harold C. Culin, Daniel J. Doherty, Halsey R. Jones, Ensign and Mrs. Charles C. Richardson, Ambrose C. Sedlachek, Thomas F. Shea, and Commander and Mrs. D. L. Trautman.

Adding all these gifts to the 1946 Carnegie Tech Endowment Fund to the sums heretofore acknowledged in the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE brings the total of pledges and contributions, as of April 30, 1944, to \$2,410,839.89.

ELMER A. STEPHAN

ON May 3 the children of greater Pittsburgh lost a good friend and great teacher—Elmer A. Stephan, who probably did more for art education in Pittsburgh during the past twenty



ELMER A. STEPHAN

years than any other one man. First, as a teacher of art at Schenley High School, and then, for sixteen years, as director of art education for the Pittsburgh Board of Public Education, he has influenced young people in their contributions to the art of the present day and their appreciation of that art, as well as in their love of the rich treasures that have come down to us through the ages from Europe, Egypt, and Greece. As the teacher of one of the art classes for children with special ability at the Carnegie Institute, which he took over when James C. Boudreau went to Pratt Institute in 1929, and which he conducted every Saturday morning during the school year, Mr. Stephan further impressed himself on the field of art education in Pittsburgh. This class numbered well over six hundred boys and girls at the time of his death. The following letter, which came to Miss Margaret M. Lee, Director of Education, Department of Fine Arts, from Douglas Pickering, one of the former students at the Institute who is now stationed in North Africa, portrays the staunch feeling of those boys and girls toward Mr. Stephan as they look back upon their earlier training, as no words of ours can do:

DEAR MISS LEE:

Perhaps I had best introduce myself before I go a word farther. I'm one of the kids who lined up regularly each Saturday morning for Mr. Stephan's Art Classes, and who have since grown quite a bit both physically and mentally, but who are still really kids down deep in our hearts.

I can still recall those familiar names each Saturday morning as the chosen few were called out: Navratil, Williams, Foster, Trapp, Little Steve, Heyne, and many, many more whose names have slipped my mind, but whose familiar faces are still there. Those were wonderful days, and we all were very lucky kids.

Many things have happened since those days; I graduated from Carnegie Tech with my B.A. in Art Education, became engaged to one of the girls in my own class at Tech, "sweated out" sixteen weeks of basic training, and lo, here I am in North Africa. Not much progress—but I am getting around! Remember me to Mr. Stephan for all the help he has given me. I'm more than grateful.

Sincerely,

—DOUG PICKERING

"OLD ACQUAINTANCE"

BY ARNOLD PALMER

British Representative, Department of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute

[The following article draws together a few strings on "old acquaintances" of the Carnegie Institute, primarily those artists who visited us formerly as members of International juries from time to time.]

UNDER difficulties of transport, the blackout, rationing restrictions, and other conditions of war, social contacts bleed slowly to death. One sees the neighbors and the people one works with; of the rest of the world even gossip is hard to come by. Old friends are scattered, habits are changed, links are broken, and organized meetings infrequent. So these few notes, in which I try to give news of English artists who have enjoyed Pittsburgh's famous hospitality and may yet be remembered there, are sketchy, scrappy, and thin. Their very defects, however, illustrate how strange an existence is ours.

When we attend one of our rare reunions—usually a funeral or a wedding—and see men and women who were once familiar figures in our circle, we feel like ghosts, like souls reincarnated, like revisitants to the scenes of childhood, like any of the opponents of Time. We smile shyly and doubtfully at one another; the spoken words are apt to be, "You won't remember me," the unspoken thought, "How you've aged!" But painters are a tough



ARNOLD PALMER

race on the whole, and ours have stood up well. With so many of the younger ones in the services, some of the older ones have been enjoying a second heyday. That, of course, is a general comment merely. The artists mentioned below won their position in the face, not in the absence, of competition.

During the last four or five years Augustus John has rejoined the Royal Academy and received the most select and coveted of our distinctions,

the Order of Merit, or O.M. [*This was related at more length in the last issue of the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE.*] A retrospective exhibition of his drawings was held at the National Gallery and aroused unusual interest and admiration. Renowned as his drawings are, there were few people who were not astonished and even awed by the quality of the works displayed. He has remained very busy with portrait commissions; he is known to have painted many and rumored to have painted many more of the war's celebrities. As in past years, he continues to divide his time between his home in Hampshire and his studio in London.

[Here Mr. Palmer tells of the election of Mr. Munnings, as president of the Royal Academy, also in the April Magazine.]

Harold and Dame Laura Knight left London early in the war. I am not sure if their house was actually hit, but there was certainly trouble all around them, and her studio, a few hundred yards away, suffered something from blast. They went to Malvern—a charming town, once a spa, on the Worcestershire and Herefordshire border—and have been there ever since, or at least have made it their headquarters. I believe that he has never lacked commissions, and I know that she has been busy on her own normal output. After a long absence from the walls of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Color, she exhibited a fine drawing there, large, airy, and full of zest. She has also done a number of special subjects for the national collection—known as "The War Artists"—of pictures dealing with every aspect of war and war work. The tasks of the artists are often arduous; they have to make long and uncomfortable journeys to bleak and primitive places, and for fees which, in the case of successful painters, are much below their usual market rate. Their works are well hung in the National Gallery—the treasures of which are hidden far away—and are seen there by a constant stream of visitors, all day and every day in the year; but that reward is attained at a heavy sacrifice of time, energy, and money.

Paul Nash, too, has contributed many important pictures to the War Artists' Collection, the most admired being a series of crashed airplanes, of various shapes in varying surroundings and light, which he did during the Battle of Britain. He now lives at Oxford, which has become an active art center during the war. Though suffering much from his old enemy, asthma, he fully maintains the quality and something like the quantity of his former output.

Of A. K. Lawrence I have seen and heard practically nothing for a long

time. He still exhibits and, as he was never a prolific artist, this seems to be evidence that he is in reasonably good shape.

Early in the war Sydney Lee retired from the post of treasurer of the Royal Academy and he has now joined the honored ranks of the group known as Senior Academicians—those over seventy-five years of age. On the other hand, having in the past practiced almost every known form of painting and engraving, he developed a taste for water color; sought and obtained election to the Royal Society of Painters in Water Color; and was, for about a year, its junior associate member. This, often called "The Old Society," was founded in 1804, and is the second oldest art society in the country. Only the Academy, which dates from 1764, is senior to it in age or repute. He still lives in London. His studio, being the principal room in his house, was thus also the living room during many hours of each day and night. The construction of its skylit roof presented exceptionally difficult problems in black-out, and finally he and Mrs. Lee decided to use the house in daytime only, and to sleep and eat in a hotel not far away. This they have been doing since, I think, 1939. He still produces his vigorous landscapes in oil. It may be remembered that these used often to be on a very big scale. If nowadays he rarely exceeds average size, the reason lies not in any diminution of his will or power, but simply in the acute shortage of canvas by which all artists are harassed.

Glyn Philpot, Vivian Forbes, and Colin Gill all have died, the first two in England, the last in South Africa. I have never heard the cause of Gill's early death, but Philpot, whom I had seen a few days previously, was apparently in perfect health when, walking home across the Park after having had a tooth extracted, he dropped dead from a clot of blood to the brain. His inseparable friend Forbes followed him a week later.

Gerald Brockhurst left England on the eve—as it turned out—of the war, and has never, I think, returned. Rumor says he is in Hollywood. If so, I imagine that commissions may well keep him there for the rest of his life. . . .

That seems to complete the list of

Englishmen who served on the Jury of Award during the ten years or so preceding hostilities. If professionally they never managed to please anyone—except the winners of the First Prize—perhaps they were more successful socially and made friends who sometimes think of them.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND THE MUSIC OF HIS TIME

BY MARSHALL BIDWELL

Organist and Director of Music, Carnegie Institute



THE fame of Benjamin Franklin has come down to posterity in various guises—as statesman, author, inventor, and so on—but of his interest and aptitude in the musical world of his day, which was

far greater than is generally realized now, little is said. He delighted in it, and wrote critically and clearly about it. Then, too, he invented a musical instrument that lasted for sixty years, during which time it enjoyed a tremendous popularity.

Whenever Franklin became interested in any subject, he immediately suggested inventions and improvements. And so it was with his "armonica."

About the time of Franklin's arrival in England in 1757, an Irishman named Pockrich was touring there with an instrument he had made from musical glasses—that is, ordinary drinking glasses tuned by putting different amounts of water in them and played by rubbing the moistened finger around the brims. Although this instrument had

been invented about a century before, it was new to Franklin, who, while captivated by the sweetness of its tone, thought it rather crude, and, accordingly set to work to improve upon it.

Instead of using beer glasses set on a table, he had special glasses blown in the shape of bowls, with a hole in the middle, and varying in size from nine inches in diameter down to three inches. These glasses were strung along horizontally on an iron spindle, with the largest and deepest tones on the left and gradually mounting in pitch according to the chromatic scale. The lower edges of the glasses were dipped into a trough of water. The spindle was made to revolve by means of a treadle, or foot pedal—somewhat like a spinning wheel—carrying the glasses around with it, and the sound was produced by applying a finger to their wet edges.

Apparently the instrument suddenly became very fashionable in England, judging by a passage from Oliver Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," written shortly after Franklin's instrument was introduced. Goldsmith speaks of the fine ladies of that day who, according to this passage, "would talk of nothing but high life, and high-lived company, with other fashionable topics, such as

pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses." Copies of the harmonica were made in London, on Franklin's specifications, and sold for forty guineas.

The first well-known virtuoso on the new instrument was Miss Marianne Davies, the daughter of a relative of Franklin's. She and her sister toured England early in 1762, and travelled to the continent, performing songs with harmonica accompaniment, and even teaching the instrument to Marie Antoinette. The harmonica became very popular in Germany and Austria, where Franklin was as famous for it as for his lightning rod. As a matter of fact, both Mozart and Beethoven, as well as lesser men, composed for it, which by this time had a keyboard like a modern celeste. A musical almanac, printed in Holland about this time, says: "Of all musical inventions, the one of Mr. Franklin has created the greatest excitement." It was tremendously popular while it lasted—from 1760 to 1820—and then the vogue suddenly died. The only reason for its quick demise seems to be the vibration of the glasses and their penetrating tone, which harassed the nerves of the performers. Because of shattered nerves, Miss Davies had to give up the instrument. It may have been hard on the audience, too, although Franklin, who spent many leisure hours playing it, states in a letter to a friend that the "armonica seems peculiarly adapted to Italian music, especially that of the soft and plaintive kind."

Concerts on the harmonica were given in Philadelphia as early as 1764, and down in Old Virginia the Cavaliers and their dames took up the fad, which lasted there until about 1800.

Franklin had many other contacts with music. As a printer he had some connection with the printing of early music and books on music, especially psalmbooks and books on singing. He attended concerts; and we are told that while in England he attended a performance of "The Messiah"—just eight

days before Handel's death—at which the great composer himself conducted. Franklin arrived in time to see the sublime old man led to the organ, where he conducted for the last time. He also mentions a visit to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, in 1757, where he went to study the institutions of the Moravians. He took an apparent interest in their highly developed musical life, and says in his autobiography: "I was at their church, when I was entertained with good musick, the organ being accompanied with violins, hautboys, flutes, clarinets, etc." This was written thirty years after the event, and if correct, it is the first time that clarinets were used in this country.

Franklin's connections with music were both scientific and artistic. He was fond of vocal and instrumental music generally; he played the harp, the guitar—at which he excelled—the violin, and even the violoncello. In his early years he also wrote the words for ballads. In fact, he was quite a poet, even though he didn't think much of his verses and they are for the most part forgotten. Here is one example that is evidently intended for musical treatment—a little drinking song written in his early Junto days and often sung by him at the Junto rooms, with the entire club joining in the chorus. The verse goes like this:

Fair Venus calls; her voice obey;
In beauty's arms spend night and day,
The joys of love all joys excel,
And loving's certainly doing well.

Then the chorus joins in:

Oh! No!
Not so!
For honest souls know
Friends and a bottle still bear the bell.

A rather nonsensical rhyme!

In Franklin's later years, when he was in his eighties, he returned again to the writing of the light ballad music in which he had so delighted as a youth. There is no record of any actual tunes composed by him, so his verses were probably set to already existent tunes. One of his songs was sung in

1787 in a Philadelphia parade in honor of the State's ratification of the Constitution. The occasion was a Procession of Tradesmen, in which each trade had its own stanza in a lively rhythm well suited to a marching crowd. The words went something like this: "Ye Merry Mechanics, come join the song . . . Ye Teachers, Ye Joiners, Ye Masons, etc."

Two of Franklin's letters show his keen interest in things musical, and place him high above the average amateur. One or two brief comments from these lengthy documents will serve our purpose; their historical importance is obvious. One, written in 1765 to his brother Peter Franklin at Newport, comments with great erudition on certain defects in the music of Handel. He takes an aria from "Judas Maccabaeus" and, pointing out some of the absurdities, literally picks it to pieces. Composers today seek to avoid these improprieties, which he so ably pointed out in the music of his time. In a postscript to this same letter Franklin writes: "Inarticulation is the worst fault of singers. If ever it was the ambition of musicians to make instruments that should imitate the human voice, that ambition seems now reversed, the voice aiming to be like an instrument. Thus wigs were first made to imitate a good head of hair, but when they became fashionable, though in unnatural forms, we have seen natural hair dressed to look like wigs."

In another letter he produces a masterpiece of learning regarding the construction of the Scottish folk songs which he admired so greatly. Franklin expresses here certain ideas about folk songs and melodies in general that have taken the psychologists more than a century and a half to explain and develop. I was amazed, in reading this letter, to discover what a keen discrimination Franklin had in all things musical. He ends with a statement about the modern music of his day: "The connoisseurs in music will say that I have no taste, but I cannot help

adding that I believe our ancestors, in hearing a good Scotch song, distinctly articulated, sung to one of the old tunes and accompanied by the harp, felt more real pleasure than is communicated by the generality of modern operas."

And finally, he mentions something that critics today have at last agreed upon, that is, that a good natural melody is complete in itself and does not need an artificial harmony to support it. For example, a tune such as "Swanee River" or "Annie Laurie" has a melody that is complete in itself; there is a natural harmony implied and any elaborate accompaniment would spoil the simplicity of the melody. On this point Franklin says: "Most tunes of late construction, not having this natural harmony united with the melody, have recourse to the artificial harmony of a bass and other accompanying parts. This support, in my opinion, the old tunes do not need, and are rather confused than aided by it. The reason why Scotch tunes have lived so long, and will probably live forever—if they escape being stifled in modern affected ornament—is merely this, that they are really compositions of melody and harmony united, or rather that their melody is harmony. I mean the simple tunes sung by a single voice." He goes on to explain his theory more technically, proving that Franklin possessed an uncommonly clear idea of the true character of folk songs and of the best way of performing them. He was far ahead of his day and can justly be classified among the most critical and boldest writers in musical esthetics of that period.

MAGAZINE INDEX

AN index to Volume XVII of the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE—numbers from April 1943 through March 1944—has been prepared and may be acquired without charge upon request to the Carnegie Institute, 4400 Forbes Street, Pittsburgh (13) Pennsylvania.

IDENTIFYING THE GREAT OUTDOORS

The Eleventh Annual Carnegie Museum Nature Contest

By JANE A. WHITE

Assistant Curator of Education, Carnegie Museum



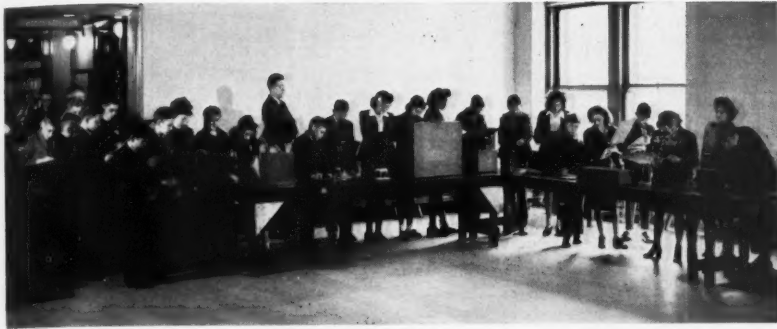
THE awakening of spring prepared the way for the eleventh annual Carnegie Museum Nature Contest, even though preparation for the event does not begin on April 21 and end with June 21. Children throughout Pittsburgh and near-by areas, as well as curators, preparators, and docents of the Carnegie Museum Education Section conscientiously work all year round for this annual event that rises to its peak in March—when children are studying for the contest—and in April and May—while they await the announcement of the winners. Immediately after each contest, new study lists for the next year's contest are prepared and distributed among the school children, so that they may have the entire summer in which to study. Success and personal satisfaction in the contest do not come only with a thorough memorization of plants, insects, mammals, and fossils on the study list. Just as the botanist, ornithologist, mammalogist, and entomologist must go afield, so must our young nature lovers. For the contest each child should be able to recognize readily the living, the mounted, the preserved, or the fossilized specimens placed before him. Children in the elementary group en-

tering the contest are asked to name correctly fifty such specimens. Students of the senior group should be able to recognize one hundred specimens. To do this the students must recall the natural habitat of such a specimen, the season of the year it prevails, the common characteristics, and so forth. The ability to label each specimen exactly in a minimum of time demands precious hours of previous search, observation, and study.

Those of us in the Carnegie Institute have watched the year-by-year progress of many of these children. Beginning early in March, the Museum becomes a rendezvous for students from both the elementary and high schools. It was not unusual for any Museum staff member, while mounting a specimen, writing a report, or closing up for the day, to be interrupted by a questioning voice. Only with the guidance and cooperation of the staff do these nature



A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF A LIVE SPECIMEN THAT THE CONTESTANTS WERE TO IDENTIFY



A GROUP OF CHILDREN IN THE 1944 NATURE CONTEST AT THE CARNEGIE MUSEUM

students feel they are entirely prepared for the contest.

Saturday, April 29, was the scheduled day. Eager participants in both groups—the elementary contest that started at ten o'clock, and the senior contest at one-thirty—arrived ahead of schedule. Representative school groups came at regular intervals throughout the entire morning and afternoon. The participants in the elementary contest were boys and girls attending schools in the Pittsburgh area; the students in the senior contest gathered from Altoona, Aliquippa, Shaler Township, Latrobe, and Mt. Morris, as well as from the immediate vicinity.

Great care was given to the selection of the zoological, botanical, mineralogical, and paleontological specimens used for identification purposes, so that they would be truly representative of all the forms of nature. If the student had spent any time at all in the woods, deliberate observation and mental notes would be the minimum requirement for recognition. Study, too, would be required for a knowledge of fossils, as well as of minerals. All the plant specimens in the contest were common species indigenous to Pittsburgh. Since it was rather early in the season, the only fresh specimens available were yellow flowering forsythia, spring beauty, and the fragrant magnolia. The mounted specimens included joe-pye weed, horse chestnut, red clover, and

Virginia creeper. Among the more common animals represented were the screech owl, raccoon, quail, and weasel.

The enthusiasm and diligence of our youth in pursuing this hobby is indicative of a better world tomorrow.

The prize winners for the Nature Contest of 1944 are as follows:

ELEMENTARY CONTEST

- First:* JOAN SCHEWE, Park Place School.
Second: JANE A. HAYS, Park Place School; FRED FREUTHAL, Fulton School.
Third: PAUL SCHWARZ, Fulton School; PHILLIPS COLCORD, Linden School; JACK LADLEY, Mellon School.

SENIOR CONTEST

- First:* DAVID C. KENNEDY, Mt. Morris High School.
Second: DAVID E. DONLEY, Mt. Morris High School.
Third: CHARLES COLE, Beaver High School; PHYLLIS WETHERBY, Wilkinsburg High School.
Fourth: MITCHELL ANGELOS, Aliquippa High School; AGNES MARZOVAC, Aliquippa High School; JAMES R. FENTON, Latrobe High School.

WORLD ONENESS

The essential oneness of our world is rapidly emerging from the old territorial partitions, and from the point of view of war there is no sacrosanctity in continents, no security in oceans, no safety behind rivers and mountains. The war is burning that fact into our consciousness with a force which no wishful thinking could undo, and calls for a fundamental reconsideration of our international outlook and practice.

—WOODROW WILSON FOUNDATION PAMPHLET



"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

A Review of "*Lute Song*"

BY AUSTIN WRIGHT

Associate Professor of English, Carnegie Institute of Technology



The final production of the year by the Department of Drama at Carnegie Tech was *Lute Song*, an adaptation by Sidney Howard and Will Irwin of *Pi-Pa-Ki*, a Chinese classic dating from the fourteenth century. A simple, poetic drama, rich in appeal to the mind and the senses alike, flaming with color, impressive in its stately dignity, the play as produced at Tech was a lovely tapestry woven from the strands of skillful direction, bizarre and gorgeous settings, intricate lighting effects, haunting music, exotic dances and ceremonies, and sensitive performances on the part of a large and devoted band of young actors and actresses.

The play tells the story of Tsai-Yong, a young man driven by his father's ambition to leave his aged parents and a young and beautiful wife in pursuit of learning and power. Having arrived at last at the exalted rank of chief magistrate of the Middle Kingdom, he suddenly finds himself a prisoner of his greatness when at the Emperor's command he is married to Princess Nicou-Chi, the daughter of the venerable and mighty Prince Nicou. His attempts to send aid to his humbly born wife and parents frustrated by the watchfulness of prudent Prince Nicou, Tsai-Yong resigns himself unhappily to the fulfillment of his official obligations. The gentle Princess Nicou-Chi, unaware of the remorse which gnaws at

her husband's heart, strives in vain to break through the wall which, she perceives, stands between Tsai-Yong and herself. When she finally learns the truth, she courageously overrides the opposition of her princely father and insists that her husband's parents and his first wife be sent for immediately. Meanwhile, the first wife, Tchao-ou-Niang, has had to watch both the old people perish of starvation in spite of her own desperate efforts to keep them supplied with food, and her grief is heightened because old Tsai's dying words are bitter curses for his neglectful son. Guided by a revelation from the Sovereign of the Heavens, Tchao-ou-Niang undertakes a pilgrimage in search of her errant husband. When at last she sees him in his greatness, she is filled with loathing for what seems to her his shameless cruelty. Contriving to leave for him a token which will identify her and suggest her tragic story, she slips away into the anonymity of the great city. Tsai-Yong, nearly crazed with remorse, searches for her in vain, but through the efforts of the wise, self-effacing Nicou-Chi, his royal wife, Tchao-ou-Niang is found and, after a touching dialogue between the two women, consents to forgive her husband and to live with him in the palace, apparently on equal terms with Nicou-Chi. So simply does the Oriental dramatist solve the triangle problem in a manner forbidden on the Western stage!

The Chinese writer of *Pi-Pa-Ki* has woven into the work many threads more prominent in the fabric of Eastern thought than in that of the West. One of these is the central theme of filial piety: Tsai-Yong is heart-broken at the

sight of his father and mother declining into old age; Tchao-ou-Niang shoulders as a matter of course the burden of providing for her beloved husband's parents, and reproaches herself for her failure; Tsai-Yong suffers dreadful punishment for neglect of his filial duties. Another theme which impresses a Western audience is the quiet patience of the poor under the yoke of poverty and suffering; even the aristocratic characters are strangers to that febrile striving for happiness which so often mars our lives. The Chinese hero assumes that man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, and accepts the will of the gods with a resignation and a humility inconceivable in a Macbeth or a Hamlet. Also interesting is the Chinese woman's acceptance of the theory of her inferiority, though in the dialogue between Nieou-Chi and Tchao-ou-Niang the praise accorded to the nobility and wisdom and goodness of woman is in strange contrast to the terrible indictment of an American wife and mother made by Sidney Howard in *The Silver Cord*. Then there is the characteristic Chinese reverence for scholarship and learning; imagine a civilization in which the Emperor "summons

all young men of talent that they may prove, by literary examination, their learning in the wisdom of the ancients and their right to be exalted in the imperial service"! Is it any wonder that in many ways Chinese culture attained heights which the Western world has yet to scale? More familiar to Western readers, but handled with matchless delicacy, are such themes as the lament for the passing of spring and Tsai-Yong's tragic enslavement to the greatness which he has made his goal.

The music in the Tech production was under the supervision of Bernice Austin, assisted by Henrietta Rosenstrauch. Some Chinese instruments owned by Miss Austin, who taught in China for a number of years, were used; and the music consisted of authentic Chinese melodies, dating back as far as 200 B.C.

The scope of *Lute Song* is so broad and the characters are so numerous that I cannot report in detail upon individual performances. I shall merely mention a few passages which I considered outstanding. One such was the scene in which the dying Tsai dictates his will to the Honorable Tchang; I recall particularly the moment when, at Tchao-ou-Niang's protest against the bitter



STUDENT ACTORS IN A SCENE FROM "LUTE SONG"

words of the will, the wretched old man cries, "Write, or give me the ink!" and Tchang replies quietly, "Old friend, it is written." And there were many other memorable scenes: the pathetic interlude, early in the play, when little Si-Tchun, who has escaped for a moment from the intolerable restraint of her mistress's service to frolic in the garden, tries to make the cold Princess understand how the death of the spring enters her heart; the whole sequence involving the procession to the graves of Tsai and Madame Tsai, the sudden appearance of the Genie, and the dance of the Ape, the Tiger, and the Shadowy Hosts; the puzzling but exciting scene in which the bonze at the temple addresses a prayer to the god Fo, a difficult passage handled well in both casts; and the moving dialogue, already referred to, in which Nicou-Chi persuades Tchao-ou-Niang to forego her bitterness and forgive the unhappy Tsai-Yong. The comic passages were very successful and sometimes surprisingly modern: the most obviously humorous elements in the play are the scenes involving the corrupt Food Commissioner, the marriage brokers, and the clowns disguised as mandarins, but even better are such more subtle touches as the priests' eagerness to defer to the wealthy magistrate Tsai-Yong and, best of all, the wonderful speeches in the course of which Prince Nicou reveals his sublime self-conceit. This austere and complacent dignitary is as good as anything in Gilbert and Sullivan. I remember with particular pleasure the polite little clash of wills between Nicou and Nicou-Chi over whether Tchao-ou-Niang is to be referred to as a concubine or a consort.

Circumstances required that in the Tech production of *Lute Song* a number of masculine roles had to be filled by women. Indeed, three roles that were played by men in one cast were played by women in the other—an experiment which I do not recall having seen tried elsewhere. Because of the quaintness and exoticism of the play, however,

and because of the elaborate and voluminous costumes, these substitutions interfered very little with the effect of the performances. In a modern play with a contemporary setting, the appearance of a girl in the role of the hero, for example, would be most disturbing; but the actress who played Tsai-Yong made a highly plausible young man. The fact is that a Western audience viewing *Lute Song* learns rapidly to forego insistence upon complete reality. In the Chinese theater the problem of properties is solved by the simple expedient of having apparently indifferent but actually very alert and efficient property men hand the characters whatever object is needed, the orchestra sits at one side of the stage throughout the performance, banners hung on a railing designate the locale, painted flower-pots indicate the season, characters rap on nonexistent doors to obtain admission to supposedly closed rooms, the dead get up and walk quietly off the stage when their death scene comes to an end. Surprisingly, the spectators come very quickly to accept these phenomena as perfectly natural—and in such a world no one is likely to be troubled by the appearance of a woman in the role of a man.

The production of *Lute Song* is a tremendous undertaking, and the expert and finished performances that were given at Tech were testimony to the intellectual and material resources of the Department of Drama. Mary Morris handled the huge cast splendidly. The play calls for about thirty speaking roles, and in addition there are perhaps twenty silent parts; some of these latter—notably those of the property men and the musicians—demand as much effort as more clearly important roles. Yet throughout there was a steadiness of performance which suggested the meticulous care which had been devoted to the most minor details. The same may be said of the superb settings, designed by Lloyd Weninger and lovely beyond praise; the difficult problems of lighting solved with dex-

terity by George Kimberly and his student aides; the glowing, ornate costumes which would have done credit to a Broadway production; the plaintive, rhythmic music; and the dances created and directed by Genevieve Jones. Most gratifying of all was the manner in which these various strands were woven together to produce the desired effect. Thus, though the spectator was always aware of the music, it never intruded upon the dialogue, and often one was unable to determine what share in a certain spectacular effect was due to setting, what to lighting, and what to costume. Probably the most brilliant scene was that in which the Genie speaks to Tchao-ou-Niang, but as I reflect upon the performance I recall many other episodes in which all the technical resources of the theater were brought skillfully into play in support of the actors. It is this uniformity or universality of expertness which makes me consider the *Tech Lute Song* such a success—a proof of the ability of the Department of Drama to bring an intricate, complex task to perfection.

This is not necessarily to say that *Lute Song*, which except for one brief summer tryout has not been produced professionally, is destined to success in the commercial theater. Though when one reads the play it does not seem long, the inevitably deliberate pace, the frequent interludes required by processions and songs and dances, and the activities of the ubiquitous property men lengthen out the performance until a casual audience might well feel that in warning the players at the start to "finish before morning if you can," the Manager was not simply jesting! One inevitably compares *Lute Song* with *Lady Precious Stream*—another adaptation of a Chinese classic, and one which had a moderate Broadway success eight years ago. Both plays tend to grow tedious to Western audiences, but both are beautiful and humorous and deeply moving, and one who has seen either play is not likely to forget the experience.

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